

Falsified Sense

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Summary: He was poisoned by this boy-and it was too late to find the antidote.

Falsified Sense

A/N: Chack in which Jack has Chase wrapped around his finger. Chase is gonna be basic OOC and Jack is going to be extremely manipulative.

. . .

Falsified Sense

He was a poison that could not be cured. A poison that seeped into the skin and traveled to the mind and influenced it, taking one's _common sense _and manipulating it to suit his will and every desire, thus turning it into a _tampered sense. _He was one of those with a secret persona and that persona included a deceiving smile, innocent eyes, and anything that would make anyone think he was a sheep. So easy to walk all over. Make him do whatever you want. A marionette with strings attached to the back in which the marionettist could easily control. Whatever you told of him, he didâ€”no questions asked, no restraint, no nothing. Yet he was not a sheep, not even a wolf, but a spider whom weaved his creations, recognized his limitlessness and most importantly, manifested feats of thought manipulation.

With his words and with his face and the inclination that he didn't know a damn thing about what he was doing, even though he knew he was, Jack Spicer was the poison no one wanted to intake, and none in which anyone wanted to be poisoned with.

Unfortunately, Chase Young found himself _thoroughly _poisoned before he even had the chance to prevent it.

The warlord should have seen such a common tactic for even he had used it in the past, however Spicer was tricky—oh so tricky. A devious little rascal whom Chase should have, by logic, thrown out as soon as he found out the tactic he's been using against him and added a violent farewell, but he could not. Chase could not distinguish between whether or not Spicer was truly _sorry _for manipulating him or just putting on another face so he wouldn't have to crawl out from his citadel with his whole body broken and his mouth emitting a symphony of pained cries. He could not let the boy go, no matter how much he wanted to do so. To be liberated from this poison would sound all too enticing, but on the otherhand, this poison also had a side-effect.

Addiction.

Jack Spicer had a way with _words _that made Chase more drawn to him. If anything, he kept Jack away just so that he could keep the boy for himself. Because anyone who could _worm _their way into Chase Young's mind and effectively _manipulate _him was to be revered (though Chase would never revere Jack Spicer) and to have a biohazard warning on their back. It was Jack's words that made the warlord keep him close. His vocabulary alone was like him whispering sweet nothings into his ear that made him feel weak in places he did not ever feel he needed to at such a point in time.

Once he wrapped his hands around the boy's neck, wanting to tighten his grip, wanting to make him _regret, _until a simple sentence came from his mouth.

"_It's okay, Chase. You can do it. I won't feel a thing and I know it'll bring you pleasure."_

Whatever Chase wanted to feel, it certainly wasn't pleasure.

He released his hands, snarling at Jack. With a command, he ordered his tigers to change to human shape and escort Jack to the dungeons. He went willingly, giving Chase a certain look as he passed by him. Something like a pleading look mixed with a challenging look. Daring him to keep him in the dungeons? Did Spicer really think that Chase would fall for such a feat? Not anymore! The warlord was quite content on leaving him there until he rot until all that was left was his bones. Surely that would be a fitting punishment for the act he committed and from the realm beyond he could sense the boy's genuine guilt and that would be enough to end this thorn in his side.

Yet Chase Young couldn't even do that.

He left him in the dungeons for a week, only giving him enough food to survive for a day and nothing else. It was cold and cramped down in his dungeons. He sat in a chair situated there and his hair was down, wet from a small crack in the stone wall that periodically dripped water, yet Jack did not move from that spot, even when he was fed. He hung his head down with the only sound that reached his ears was the dripping of the water that made a gloomy tune and his own ragged breathing. When Chase entered to tend to the boy besides giving him nourishment, Jack did not make one motion to acknowledge his presence and still hung his head low as if he recognized his place and would never try to deceive the warlord no longer. Chase took an experimental step forward to see if Spicer would move, and he

did not. He was within near inches of the boy before his breath hitched when his face jerked up like an animal going on alert as it's prey was in it's eyesight.

He's been fooled, once again, by a false display of submission.

"You can't keep me down here forever," he says.

Chase strikes him across the face and sees his head turn to the side with wet red hair covering his eyes.

"I can do whatever I wish with you, _worm. _I can kill you and no one will care because there is no one that holds you any closer to their heart. At least, not anyone with the intelligence to make their own decisions."

He expects Jack to quiver, but instead, he laughs. He laughs and he _laughs _with the sound so loud it deafens Chase's ears. He wonders if Spicer has gone mad from being in such a dark, cramped place or if he is just doing it for attention and pity. It isn't the mocking laugh he'd give the Xiaolin if he actually won a Wu or anything in that nature, but yet a new laugh that mocked _Chase _himself.

"That's right, you can, Chase. So why don't you do it?"

Jack stands up and takes Chase's hands. He places them on his own neck and looks up at Chase.

"Finish what you started."

But Chase _cannot _and Jack damn well knows this, so he removes his hands and he all he does next is order Jack to be released from the dungeons and does not speak to him afterwards. What unnerves Chase is that Jack does not bother to smile triumphantly or give him some sort of smug look. Isn't that what he is supposed to do? What he has always done? Yet he does not and just goes about doing what he has done before he was condemned to the dungeons. His days in the citadel consisted of wandering about, looking for any new thing that he did not see the previous day. He spent time in one specific area akin to a library reading each and every book from preface to end note. The room had thousands upon thousands of books and to hear Jack say he_ finished _each book almost put the warlord into a dead faint.

_I get drunk on words, _he remembers Jack saying to him.

Another sign of his addiction came the feat of getting _more and more _books for him. He would pass by in the day and see books scattered on the floor with the genius lying on top of them and having two in his hands, taking turns on reading a page from both in his hands. He would pass by in the night and see him asleep on the floor with the books. He took it upon himself to pick up Jack from the floor, place him on a couch and place all of the books back in their respective places with a simple use of his magic, then he just left and went to his own quarters.

Jack did not particularly care that he was held in Chase's citadel against his will.

Chase noted several things, such as Jack liking to bathe in one of

the many lakes he had in his citadel rather than using an actual bathing unit. He would float in the water and rest there as if lifeless, only the rise and fall of his stomach indicating life. Often Chase would watch him (Jack said he did not mind Chase looking at him naked) just to make sure he didn't sink and drown himself. Jack did not wear his signature makeup, except for when Chase explicitly said they were participating in a Shen Gong Wu hunt (to which Chase forbade him from going to every oneâ€"it would prove to be beneficial to Jack's physical health, anyway) which prompted him to think that Jack wore it as a sort of war paint. When he and Jack sat at his table when it came time for an evening meal, Jack ate slowly, allowing Chase to finish before he didâ€"but Chase still stayed until Jack finished. When it was time for Jack to sleep in some place other than his library, he slept on the floor, even with the room assigned to him. Chase also noted one last thing: that he was again, falling into Jack's clutches.

He did not punish Jack any longer, nor made any attempt at trying to. Jack would do countless things to irritate and annoy him, either with his words or his actions and Chase did not reprimand him. He got off clear with everything which made Chase wonder if Jack exactly wanted to do anything to try and free himself from being forced to stay even when it seemed he did not care. Though Chase did not punish him as he would before, he decided to initiate a test. Jack's robotics is something he never would give up. It was his passion, his domain and nothing prevented him from forging his beloved creations. That is until, however, Chase forbade him from even going down to the makeshift lab (that he was also manipulated into giving him) to tinker with his robots. Chase received a glare and a hiss as Jack stormed away from him.

The next day, he found every object one could consider a beacon of technology throughout his citadel completely and utterly destroyed by Jackâ€"without the use of any tool to do so.

You said I couldn't create, but you never said I couldn't destroy. I am good at both.

Chase growled in frustration and ordered him to fix everything.

"But how can I do that if I do not have my tools, Chase?" He asked with his false innocence.

"I'm sure you'll figure something out, Spicer," Chase said through gritted teeth.

"Well, that's not fair, Chase. You take away my robots for no reason and expect me to not be angry? It'sâ€| notâ€| fairâ€|"

Hearing the way he spoke and that glint in his eyes just frustrated Chase even more. If he were to do anything else to the boy, it wouldn't involve his robotics. The feat was a failure from start to finish. He had no choice but to give him back the privileges which eased Jack's anger. Jack fixed everything he'd broken in the matter of hours which was another thing that Chase would never say impressed him, either. When he was done, he just smiled and walked away down to the makeshift lab to make his beloved creations. Chase decided to leave the boy alone to do whatever he wished, thinking of some sort of plan as to try to flip the chessboard in his favor once again.

His thoughts are hindered by the familiar surge of energy he feels coarse through him, a sign that a Wu as activated. Even he is tired of being in his own domain and calls Jack over to tell him of the news, then promptly teleport himself and Jack to the location. He still will not participate in Showdowns and chooses to watch Jack perform. He has gotten better, to an extent. He does not allow his boasting to cause him to lose but rather does not speak and goes for the Wu. Of course the monks are here and of _course _they have those stupid taunting remarks that could put Jack's previous boasting to shame but Jack doesn't think of it and fights them. He realizes that he can't block four carefully planned elemental manipulation attacks with just a metal pole he now took with him to fight and found himself flown to a nearby rock by none other than Omi, the pole dropping from his hands.

Now Chase sees this and some odd anger runs through him. How dare they hurt him, gang up on him like that when he was the only one who came for this trinket? What he does not see, however, is Jack taking a piece of broken glass that just so happened to be there and impaling himself in the leg with it, then crying out his name in pain.

"Chase," he said weakly. "He stabbed me."

Appearing from the shadows as he normally would in certain situations, Chase snarled. How could he have not seen Jack get stabbed? Surely he would have seen something like that happen, but it was no matter. He shifted to his dragon form and let out a roar.

The Xiaolin almost lost their Dragon of Water that day.

Jack's wound was carefully tended to and his leg wrapped accordingly. He feels Jack stroke his hair with one hand and another caress his cheek. His head is resting in Jack's lap. His eyes are closed as he lies there with a strange comfort washing over him.

"Would you say that you are mine, Chase?" He asked.

There was a long pause before Chase spoke.

"I am yours," he said.

And Jack leaned down and kissed his forehead affectionately.

End
file.